



LOUISVILLE, MISS.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1842.

## LOUISIANA REDEEMED!

We notice in the Vicksburg papers of the 12th inst., that the Democrats have so far as heard from, gained 775 votes since the great hard cider campaign of 1840. This is a glorious triumph, when we reflect that the party had to contend with the combined influence of 140 bank directors, and other blood suckers.

It is supposed that Mr. Tyler has, or will veto the little Tariff Bill. Give it to them Ty, veto their little tariff bills, and their big tariff bills too.

## CLOSE OF THE RHODE ISLAND WAR.

The Rhode Island War, we are informed by the late northern papers, has been brought to a close. Gov. Dorr has issued orders to his adherents to disband forthwith, there has been no very serious damage sustained on either side, only two of the Dorr party killed in a skirmish, and some two hundred taken prisoners. The prisoners will be liberated, we presume, now that Dorr has "blown off the dogs and quit the hunt."

We notice in the Boston Daily Mail, the death of the Hon. Saml. L. Southard, President of the Senate, and the Hon. Win. S. Hastings, a member of Congress from Mass.

The former died at Fredericksburg, Va. on the 27th ult., and the latter at the Red Sulphur Springs, Va., on the 17th. We are, indeed, "passing away, passing away."

## CONGRESS.

We discover that the two Houses of Congress, and the President of the U. States are still at loggerheads, from the following article in the Boston Daily Mail of the 29th ult.:

"On Saturday evening, Mr. Adams attacked the President very severely for sending a Message to the House, stating that he had signed the Apportionment Bill, and giving his reasons for so doing; which he considered a very remarkable way of doing business. A long clamorous, and vindictive personal debate ensued between Mr. Adams, Mr. Wise, Mr. Underwood, &c., which continued till the hour of adjournment, which is represented as having been disgraceful to all concerned."

*Politics in a nut shell.*—The Trenton Emporium says:—We may now consider ourselves in the midst of the "better times" of whiggery. Gen. Jackson has been quietly domiciled at the Hermitage these five years past. Mr. Van Buren has become a mere "traveller of distinction." Benton, Buchanan and Calhoun—all the democratic ogres have vanished. The veto—the specie circular—the sub-treasury, are as dead as ducks in a poultry yard, after the visit of a fox. And yet, what's the matter? Where are the better times of whiggery?

The real simon pure Clay whiggery, if it has not its own President, has its Senate—its House of Representatives—and pap-suckers, in almost every good office in the country. The reigns of state have been in their hands full fourteen months. The distribution bill, the loan bill, the bankrupt bill—their darling schemes—are all in full tide of experiment. If they have not a national bank, it is not because they have not united all their powers to make one. And yet—where are the better times of whiggery?

Since whiggery came into power, the following events have transpired: More bank frauds have been committed than were ever known before. Bank failures have been more frequent.

Money has been scarcer than before.

Prices of produce have fallen.  
Prices of labor have fallen.  
Prices of stocks have fallen.  
Prices of real estate have fallen.

Citizens are bankrupt.  
Corporations are bankrupt.  
States are bankrupt.  
Government is bankrupt.

These are the ingredients, gentle reader, which constitute the "better times" of whiggery. Look abroad over the whole country. Look at the proceedings in both houses of Congress. Look into those various chronicles, the Clay whig journals and answer. Are not these the "better times" of whiggery? Are we not in the very midst of the federal paradise? Is not this the Websterian golden age?

Men may be skeptical about predictions; but seeing, tasting and feeling, are arguments that an ass can understand.

Farmers—as you sell your grain for inconsiderate prices:

Mechanics—as you fail to collect the proceeds of your hard earnings: Merchants—as your customers are daily decreasing:

Tenants—as you suffer under distress warrants:

Landlords—as you see your houses empty and your rents falling:

Bethink yourselves!—these are, indeed, the "better times" of whiggery. Bought experience is said to be the best, and the American people are now paying great prices for theirs.

*Most Extraordinary.*—In one of the mining districts of Hungary, there lately occurred an incident, which, while it partakes largely of the romantic, is of most affecting interest, and altogether of most extraordinary and dramatic effect.

In opening a communication between two mines, the corpse of a miner, apparently of about twenty years of age, was found in a situation which indicated that he had perished by an accidental falling in of the roof of the mine. The body was in a state of softness and pliability, the features fresh and undistorted, and the whole body completely preserved, as is supposed, from the impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air, the body became stiff but the features and general air were not discomposed.—The person of the deceased was not recognized by any one present, but an indistinct recollection of the accident by which the sufferer had been thus engulfed in the bowels of the earth more than half a century, was prolonged by tradition among the miners and the country people. Further inquiry was here dropped, and the necessary arrangements were made to inter the body with the customary rites of burial. At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, there suddenly appeared a decrepit old woman of the neighboring village, who supported by crutches, had left her bed-ridden couch, to which infirmity had for some years confined her, and advanced to the scene with the feelings of joy, of grief, and of anxiety, so intensely painted on her aged face, as to give her the appearance of an inspired person, and with an alacrity which seemed truly miraculous. The old woman gazed upon the corpse for an instant, and sweeping the long hair from its forehead, in order to obtain a more perfect view of its features, her countenance became as it were supernaturally lighted up, and in the midst of piercing hysteric cries and sobs, she declared the body to be that of a young man to whom she had been engaged by the ties of mutual affection, and the promise of marriage more than sixty years before! In the intervals of gushing floods of tears, and the fainting fits of her exhausted frame, she poured out thanks to heaven that she had again beheld the object of her earliest affections and declared she could now descend to the tomb content. The powers of life were now prostrated by her agitated feeling and exertion, and she was borne homewards by the villagers; but ere she proceeded far from the object of her solicitude, she was in a state to join him. Her spirit, as if satisfied, had fled, and the affectionate pair, whom misfortune had rent asunder, were now hushed in one grave.

*Important Expedition.*—Lieut. Fremont, of the corps Topographical Engineers, left here under orders from the War Department, about ten days ago, with a party of twenty men, on a tour to the Rocky Mountains. The object of the expedition is an examination of the country between the mouth of the Kansas and head waters of the great river Platte, including the navigable parts of both these rivers, and of what is called the Southern Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and the intermediate country,—with

a view to the establishment of a line of military posts from the frontiers of Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia river. This expedition is connected with the proposition now before Congress, to occupy the territory about Columbia river, as proposed by Doctor Linn's bill.

The great river Platte is the most direct line of communication between this country and the mouth of the Columbia, and that route is known to be practicable and easy; it therefore becomes important to ascertain the general character of that river and the adjacent country, and the facilities it will be likely to afford in prosecuting the contemplated settlements in Oregon. This Southern Pass, or depression in the Rocky Mountains, is near the source of the extreme western branch of the river Platte, and affords an easy passage for wagons and other wheel carriages, which have frequently passed over the Mountains upon that route, without difficulty or delay; and it is important that the latitude of this point should be ascertained, as it is thought that it will not vary much from the line established between the United States and Mexico, by the treaty with Spain of 1819. If this Pass should fall south of that line, (the 42d degree of north latitude) it may become necessary to examine the country north of it; the line of the Yellowstone, and south branch of the Columbia, would, it is thought, afford the next best route.

Lieut. Fremont, is well supplied with instruments for making astronomical observations; for fixing the latitude and longitude of important points, and a Daguerreotype apparatus, for taking views of important points and scenes along the route; and if not obstructed in his operations by large bands of wild, wandering Indians, which sometimes trouble small parties passing through that region, may be expected to impart much valuable information to the Government and to the country.—*Missou. Rep.*

*Duelling.*—Dr. Franklin.—When Dr. Franklin was in England, just prior to the American Revolution, he was one night in one of the Coffee Houses of London, in company with a party of literary and scientific gentlemen, who greatly admired his conversational power, both for its strength and originality. A stranger, who was afflicted with a most offensive odor, but liked the Doctor's conversation, came into the box where the party were assembled. Franklin proposed that his friends should remove to another box to escape the horrid smell; they did so, but the stranger followed them—again, at the request of the Dr. they removed, and again he followed; when, Franklin's patience getting thread-bare, he said to the stranger, that he would be obliged to him not to follow them again, for his scent was so offensive it could not be borne. He of the smell took it as a gross insult, and challenged the Doctor the next morning, who replied, by saying to the offended party, that, "if I accept your challenge, we fight, and you kill me, I shall in a few days, smell as badly as you do now—if I kill you, you will, if possible, smell worse than you do at present; in neither case can I see how any benefit can result to ourselves or others, and, therefore, decline the challenge."

## CATOCHUS—AN APPALLING NARRATIVE.

There is a thrilling narrative under this title in the Boston Miscellany for June. It professes to be the experience of a man who went through all the funeral ceremonies, apparently inanimate, and yet with a consciousness of all that passed around him.

The main incident of this extraordinary story of Catochus is declared to be a fact—and who can doubt what is thus gravely stated in a public print?

The writer depicts his feelings as he passed through the various transitions between his supposed death and the moment when he was about to be interred, in the following words:

"I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnel-house among decaying corpses, and stifled from the clear breath of Heaven and perish, if, indeed, I were not then dead. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came, and how dreary and unending it seemed! One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late in the morning when I returned to consciousness. I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into

the coffin! I heard them screw interwoven upon a table. Some one asked when I was to be buried? "This afternoon" was the answer,—he has now been dead two days." I had then been unconscious for the length of a whole day. Now the time, instead of dragging a weary length, seemed to fly with lightning-like rapidity. The past seemed endlessly long—the future was shortened to a breath, a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thunder-cloud empties its fierce, heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter creaked beside me, and the window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like the breath of a delicious odor. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the gentle rustling of the swaying trees, as the wind stirred among the leaves. I thought of all the glad some earth—of the blue sky—of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early evening clouds, whose hues shift like the colors of the dove's neck—of the stars, of the moon, of the swelling, heaving ocean, and clung to the memory of them with a mute despair, loving them the more the nearer I came to losing them.

At last the dim whispering hum about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the service for the dead—"I am the resurrection and the life," &c.

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive.

Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed; I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me—"Good God! he must be alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead! Bring a mirror and place it to his lips, he may breathe yet." It seemed that the extremity of my agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin. No sooner had the words been spoken, than there was a wild hurry, and suppressed exclamations of fear and doubt, and surprise about the room. What a moment of agony was the next! The fearful anticipation, lest after all, there should be no sign of breath, was worse than all before. The mirror was brought, and then I knew by the sudden and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Catochus, was at last known.

I was instantly bled; between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and head were fermented with heated cloths, with such effect, that in two hours I regained my power of motion and sat up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through which I had passed, as through a fiery ordeal. Believe me, those pains I would not again suffer, if the price should be a showering of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow. Such suffering does not leave a man where it finds him. I arose from my bed an altered man; with my moral and mental constitution completely changed.

## DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE.

An outrage of the most diabolical nature occurred at Pottsville, Pa., a few days ago, which is thus given in the Philadelphia Times:

About two or three weeks ago, there appeared in this Borough, a Phrenologist, from some where Down East. He delivered several lectures at the Academy before large audiences, until he obtained a private class, &c.

In the meantime he invited different persons to call on him at his home, to have their respective heads examined gratuitously. He invited more particularly the ladies, and among those that went to be examined by him, was a young girl, about 14 years of age, a Miss M.; this was his chief victim; being alone in the chamber with her, he attempted to outrage her person, the particulars of which are too diabolical to mention, and unfit for publication.

The girl immediately informed her guardian of the outrage committed upon her person, who very promptly prosecuted the Phrenologist. He was brought before a magistrate, who bound him over in the insignificant sum of two hundred dollars, for which

bail was obtained. What! only two hundred dollars bail for a criminal to appear at court with the penitentiary before his eyes? But to return to the mob.

In the evening following this event, a part of the Infantry's Band, with file and drum, paraded thro' several streets, playing the well known piece of "Rogue's March."—*B. D. Mail.*

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Gazette says: "At the last accounts from Fredericksburg, there was little hope of the recovery of Senator Southard. If he should die, and Mr. Tyler should also be taken away from us before his term expires, Mr. Mangum will be the acting President of the United States! It would be a queer state of things—wouldn't it?—*Sat. Courier.*

*Taxation.*—It is said that the tax on every person, men, women and children, in France, is about \$12 a year—in Great Britain \$36 a year—and in the United States about 100 cents a year; this is some difference.

*Sheep Frozen in June.*—The Rochester Democrat states that from four to five hundred sheep were frozen to death in Genesee and Livingston counties, New York, by the late cold weather of the present month, (June.) We doubt whether the past furnishes a parallel to this. Five hundred sheep frozen to death in June! We might defy Greenland or Siberia to beat this! But America is a great country.

*A Beautiful Extract.*—However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed; the sorrowful bosom heaves no more; the tears are dried up in their fountains; the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heed the spirit striving triumph, or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds—the waves—nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice at first heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

*Fourth of July Toast.*—The following truly patriotic toast was sent to a Fourth of July celebration, at Rochester, N. Y., some years ago:—

*"By an old Maid.* Our Country—Like an old maid, may it ever boast of its freedom and independence—happy in its present state, yet ever looking forward with pleasing anticipations to a change for the better—strictly guarding her virtues with a patriotic eye, and when Union is called for, ever ready to present heart and hand."

*The Hunter of Kentucky* says that the determination to run Mr. Clay for the Presidency, with or without the consent of the whig party in convention, recalls to mind an appointment an old negro preacher in Virginia once made. "I shall preach in dis barn one week from dis day, if de Lord be willin—and de Sunday arter wheder he is willin or no."

## THE ORATOR WITH BIG WHISKERS—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAST MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.

*Dandy Eloquence.*—"Fel-lah-Cit-ah-zens! Oim foh leo-kwee-da-tang those Bons! I am, dam-me! The On-hah! the Glo-rah! and the Dig-ni-tah! of Mis-ses-see-pah! all re-qui-ah! that thar peepal pay those Bons! Eh—they do, split me. Here fel-lah! Fetch me some wa-tah! in a clean tum-blah! Oim faw putting the Mis-ses-see-pah Union Bank in lee-kwah-da-tion! I am, dem-me! Onah among thieves! is my môt-tah! Fel-lah-Cit-ah-zens! Oim flat-tah'd by your attention—I am, split moi whi-kahs! Oive no more to say to the aw-jence. Let's lik-whar!—[Here some half a dozen bank fops set up a clatter with their high-heeled boots.]—*N. O. Pic.*